

J. P. THE
FOLLOWER
OF THE
LAMB,
TO
The Shepherds Flock
SALUTATION:

GRACE and PEACE is with you in the
SPIRIT of *Power and Life*, and be In-
finitely multiplied unto you.

A M E M.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Robert Wilson, at the sign of the *Black-Spread-Eagle*
and *Windmill*, in *Martins La Grand*, 1661.

FOLLOWER

LAMB

The Shepherd's Flock

SALUTATION

Grace and Peace be sent to
all the Saints of the Church
of the living and the dead
in the name of the Lord
Jesus Christ.

LONDON

Printed for Robert Waller, at the sign of the Black Swan, in
St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1701.

J. P. *The follower of the Lamb, to the Shepherds Flock*
 S A L U T A T I O N.

HEAR O HEAVENS, and learn O EARTH,
 For O third Heavens in thy Ancient Records
 it was enrolled thy Elevation from the lowest
 deeps, and Exaltation unto the glory of the Su-
 premal Dominion, to be made the most Glorious Throne of the
 most Glorious of Glorious, which in this the Day of the mighty
 power of God is come to pass, according to the Predestination
 of Time, by Eternal Counsel from of old ; and now manifest-
 ly revealed (*in the resplendent year, which is the one Day with-
 out Night, and as a thousand years with God, and more than ten
 thousand times ten thousand, and thousand of thousands of years with
 the Son of man*) through generation of the Word of the Power
 of Creation, through the fulfilling of the natural Course of
 time until the *Travel*, and through her *Pangs* to the *Birth*, and
 after it through Temptations and Tryals, through Sortows, Per-
 secutions, Combats and Battels, through Fire and Water,
 through over-whelming floods, and exceeding strong ascend-
 ing flames, whereby the Ample advantage hath accrued ; in
 all which may be possibly conceived, yea more in the super-
 abundance of the Immortal vertue, than can be spread upon
 the longest and largest Land of the Kingdom of Comprehen-
 sion : But this is undoubtedly understood, the man-child here-
 by (*which you know to be the fruit of the womb of the Woman,
 which the Dragon drove into the Wildernes*) is grown unto the
 Stature of a Man, full of the Power, of Wisdom, Life and
 Light. And as *Deborah* was a Famous and Renowned Judge
 in *Israel* ; even so also is become the *Virgin-daughter* of *Sion*,
 excelling all of her Sex that ever were before her : This is she
 which was born of the Virgins womb, in which also was con-
 ceived the *Man-child*. Behold, I speak a Riddle, for these
three are *Twins*, and the *Twins* suck at one Breast, and the Breast
 is the man's mouth, and the Milk is the *Fathers Voice*, and the

mans's strength is the *Fathers* might, & the *Man*, the *Son*, & the *Father* is one ; and the *Father* hath married the *Son* to the *Virgin*, and the *Virgin Daughter* ; And so all souls in the sweetness your maker is become your husband, for you have given the *Virgin* your impolluted and undefiled Souls, to the Spirit your Brother and Husband, and so call him Lord, and give him the Reverence as *Sarah* did unto *Abraham* ; and hereby the Kingdom is known to be *In you*, and the Lord in the Kingdom, as the Lord, and you in the Kingdom with the Lord, not as your own but as the Lords, and so the whole substance is consecrated unto him who is the Lord of the whole Earth. And thus whether your body *Lives* or *Dyes*, whether you *in the Body* or *out of the Body*, the Soul is the same with the Lord in the Kingdom, though the *Last* you will find to be *Best*.

Ah *Jerusalem, Jerusalem*, thou art my Sister, the glorious work-manhip of thy Maker ; yea, thou art my Lifes love, prepared for thy Spouse in the bed of the Bride-Chamber.

*Thy Beauty hath enamoured me in Vertues Lodg of Rest,
A flaming Torch thine eye may see of Love burns in my Breast ;
Thou art the Stone which doth my Spirit whet,
Like as the Razor which is newly set :*

*Ah feel my edge that's ground exceeding sharp,
To sing thy Virtue's praise to David's Harp.*

*For as an Host in Sion's Coast,
Of much more strength than Nations ;
Thou dost Arise before mine Eyes,
In all my Contemplations.*

Ah Clear Christal City of God, come down from above thou blessed Womb of Princes, and renowned habitation of holy Judges, thy *SPOUSE* hath endowed thee with Infinite Riches, and adorned thee with the Rarities of far Countries, and Costliness of Lands and Kingdoms ; thy *LINEN* is as white as the snow of Heaven, and is a Lanthorn of Light to a great Nation ; thy *ROBE* is of the Dye of the Blood of Life, as precious as the Ransom of Kings : thy *CROWN* is an Innumerable train of Stars, which shall follow thee to the end of Time ; blessed is the fruit of thy fruitful Womb, for thy Daughters are
the

the fairest of thousands, their Face is as the Chrystal glass, which shews every Soul its shape; they are as the Gold of *Ophir* in *Judah's* Land, and as *Pearls* in the *City streets*; they hang as Jewels at thy Breast, and Bracelets upon thy right Arm; they are the Beautifullest Princesses in the whole Earth, the glory of God is their Dowry. I am *Over-flown*, *Over-whelmed*, and *Swallowed* with the floods of their Love which pursue me: Thy Vertue O *JERUSALEM* is as an Impress of ten Thousands upon my little Cottage-Walls; I am surprized by the Bow of thy Battle, made captive to love Everlasting; for the hand of thy Husband did break a Chain, and Truth linked me to the love of Life, and her. I am full of thy weight which is augmented in the Ballance of the Sanctuary, and weigheth the World as Wind; I kiss the cheeks of thy Daughter, I woo her as a Spouse for my bed, she is mine in the Covenant of Conjunction, as the Coupled Dove to her Mate; I am Bowels of her true Body, and she is Blood of my Heart-blood.

Ah surpassing sweet *SHILOH*, thou art the Husband of *Jerusalem*, my Mother, and my Brother; *Sion* is the onely Son, *JUDAH* my Sister is a faithful Daughter: Treachery is no more lodged in her Land: I am plentifully filled with the sweetest refreshment in the solace of endless Life. Beholding the order of thy house, what Gravity? what Modesty? what Chastity? what Wisdom? what Fear and Trembling? what Faith-undoubted? what Patience and Content? what Charity and Unity? Yea, what Bowels of Love and Life? Ah! how plentiful doth the glorious vertue of the Lord God abound in the mansion of thy dwelling among all thy dearest pure-born seed and Children? And thou O GOD art Rest to the wearisomness of the Weary, and Bread to the hunger of the Hungry, thou art Strength to the weakness of the Weak, and a Support of the feeble knees; thou visitest the Sick with the medicine of Mercy, and raisest the Languishing with Love; thou droppest thy Dews upon the *heaths* of the *Mountains*, as on the *green heaths* of the *Valleys*; thou hast made Rocks in Mountains, and Stones in dry Walls to swear with Moysture, though they changed not from the nature of their Hardness; great hath thy Grace been to all Generations, though the Rebellious

bellious have kicked against thee : my soul is a fire of praise, and a sacrifice of thanksgiving before thee, my spirit saith in this behalf, *Glory, Glory, Glory to God; my God for ever and ever. Amen.*

Speak ye *Barren-mountaines*, and answer ye *Dry-hills*, Where, where are the *Parched-beachs*, which say, or the *Rocky-places* which can Avouch, that always they were dry without the *distilling drops* of the *Heavens*?

Stand up ye *Brooks*, and surmount ye *Rivers*, and speak to the *barren Mountaines*; and declare *O ye fruitful Valleys* unto the *dryest Hills*, though you be *dry*, yet we were as you are, when both the Sun shined, and the Heavens showed upon the just and the Unjust, upon the Corn and the Weed, upon the Lilly and the Thorn, the Rose and the Briar; and we knew it not. Wherefore weep your part *O ye Wildernes*, and lament your part *O ye parched places*, and fall down ye *craggy Rocks*, and come and drink of our waters in the Valleys; and to you shall be such streams as are our streams, and you shall be a Vineyard of sweet Grapes, as we are a fruitfulness to the Lord of the whole Earth, and there shall be no difference betwixt you and us, for we were as you are; and in all things like unto your unfruitfulness in the parching times when the Earth did Cleave and Chap, and Gape for water, before that we found the Way to the Fountain.

And *O ye sweet Waters* of the Consolation of *Jacobs Well*, Speak, speak unto the Waters of *Meribah* which once was a hard Rock, but now are the streams of the waters of Bitterness, why runneth thy streams as a brook of such great Bitterness? *O waters* remove the Rock which is in the bottom of thy Waters, and then let a drop of our Waters fall into thy Waters, and behold they shall be no more a bitterness, but as our Waters, like the Milk of the Breast to the Babe; and so our Consolation shall be thy Consolation, and thou shalt be an habitation of joy in the Land.

All dear Seed and Plants of the Lord God, from the Crown of the Head, to the Sole of the Foot, of the entire perfect Body, every member which stands purely, firmly, and solidly knit joyn't by joyn't, bone to bone, by the strength of the sinews, which

which holds all in the soundness, free from maines, or haltings:
My dear soul sealed in Spirit, greets, salutes, and kisses you
as Gods dearest Children, pitched as Torches, Lanthorns, and
shining Lamps of his praise (*in your respective Places and Cal-
lings*) and everlasting glory which shall never have end. And
so all Saints dwell in the holy City, and there I am with you
all, known to you a brother in the Life of the brother-hood.

JOHN.

The 20th of the 5th
Moneth, 1660.

*To the Brethren in the Unity and Fellowship of the Life of
the Virginity of Innocency, called Quakers, in
ENGLAND and elsewhere.*

YE the Born of God, of the Incorruptible and Immortal
Seed of the Covenant, which is *AMEN*, for ever and
ever. In the substance which ministreth you Daily-
Bread, and the fresh and new Wine of the Kingdom, mine end-
less Love reacheth you, and with the sweet Arms of the Grace
and Peace of my Heavenly Father I embrace you; I greet, sa-
lute, and kisse you, one by one, yea, all as one (in the one only,
in whom is no variation or changing) with the undefiled lips
of Sincerity, which never uttered uncleanness, lewdness, de-
ceit or a lye; Feel and know me as near you as the Flesh which
cleaveth to your Bones, as purely and perfectly in you as the
Blood of Life in your Hearts.

Ah *Sion*! if thee I forget, let my Bowels burst in my Body,
and let my Carcass quickly become meat for hungry Eagles,
and let the Vultures also tear my Flesh from my Bones.

I cease not Night nor Day in every Watch to present you
as a living Sacrifice upon the Altar in the Holiest of Holiests:
And I full well know, that when fire is kindled in your proper
habitations (*which is the Seat of God's Rest*) I am as a Writ of
Remembrance before you.

God.

God Almighty augment your portion as faithful Stewards, and continually of his fulness give you all fulness: Though I am as the Least, and as a Door-keeper in the house of God, yet of a truth the Verue of the Lord God is with me.

The which I have to say, that you all in my behalf be full of the praise of my Heavenly Father in your hearts, and that your Thanksgiving in Spirit may abound before him, Amen.

The God of peace possesse your soules to the utmost in his everlasting peace, and the most dreadful Lord of holiness, preserve you to passe the time of your Pilgrimage in fear and Trembling. Again I say unto you Fear, Dread, and Tremble ye before the ever living God.

* J. Perot

THE END.

